

DAILY UNION AND DEMOCRAT

champion brave, alert and strong... To aid the right, oppose the wrong.

Vol. 1.]

Camp Douglas, U. T., Wednesday Morning, April 6, 1864.

[No. 77.

DAILY UNION AND DEMOCRAT

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AT THE CHURCH GATE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot,
Sometimes I hover ;
And at the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minister bells toll out
Above the city's root.

And noise and hummimg ;
They've stopped the chiming bell,

I beat the organ's swell—

She's coming—she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,

And hastening thither,

With modest eyes downcast,

She's come—she's here—she's past,

May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,

Pour out your praise of 'plaint,

Meekly and duly,

I will not enter there

To sully your pure prayer

With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace

'Round the forbidden place,

Lingering a minute,

Like outcast spirits, who wait

And see through Heaven's gate,

Angels within it.

THE REWARDS OF LOYALTY.—The treasury of Maryland is in excellent condition, according to the recent report of Comptroller Maffit. The State has, during the year, redeemed \$322,645 worth of its stock, has paid out \$19,063 for foreign exchange to pay the interest on part of the public debt held abroad ; has now a balance in the treasury amounting to \$1,030,527 ; \$198,543 to the credit of the sinking fund, and \$86,968 to the credit of the school fund ; during the past year \$270,624 was invested in the purchase of State stock for the sinking fund ; and there has been a decrease in the expenditures as compared with the previous year.

These are the beneficent fruits of Maryland's faithfulness to the Union. Suppose her hotheads and traitors had been able to draw her, as they tried hard to do, into rebellion. Does any citizen of the State, reading the comfortable report of the Comptroller, believe that, in such a case, the account would have stood as it does ?

Has Virginia a balance in her treasury ?

Does Alabama pay the interest of her debt held abroad ?

Has South Carolina added to her school fund or Georgia to her sinking fund ?

Have the State expenses been less this year in any State in the power of the rebels ?

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"INTELLECT IN RAGS."

A gay and brilliant throng were assembled in the city of Washington. Congress was in session, and the hotels were crowded with strangers. It was an evening party. The brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty.

Seated near one of the doors were two young ladies, busily engaged in conversing together. The elder of the two suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr. Hamilton, the new member from W—?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly. Mrs. N. is going to introduce him to us. I wish she would make haste ; I have no patience."

"Don't speak so, Louise ; I wish you would not be so trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the mouth of the tall, handsome gentleman who was standing near the girls ; as he passed them he scanned them very closely.

In a short time Mrs. N. came up with Mr. Hamilton, the new member, and presented him to Miss Gardner and Miss Hayes.

As they were conversing together, Mr. Hamilton said :

"Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian declared their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years since, yet I have not forgotten it, nor a single sentence uttered during that meeting. I will quote one that may recall it to your memory—"The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all."

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of Marian, but Louise still declared herself ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton then glanced for a moment at Marian, and turning to Louise, he said :

"Long years ago a little boy, ragged and dirty, seated himself upon the steps of a stately mansion in Fifth Avenue, and was there busily engaged in trying to read from a bit of paper, when his attention was attracted by two little girls, richly dressed. The eldest of the two particularly attracted him, for she was as beautiful as an angel ; but as they came near to him, she lifted up her head and exclaimed,

"Boy, what are you doing here ?"

The boy answered that he was trying to read. The child of affluence derided him, and said she had heard of intellect in rags, and he was the very personification of it. Her companion's answer was, that "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all."

The elder girl drove the boy away from the steps, but the younger one took him into her dwelling, and warmed and fed him there. When they parted, the little girl said, "You must not forget Marian Hayes."

And, Miss Hayes, he has not forgotten her."

"That ragged, dirty boy is now before you, ladies, as a member of Congress ; and allow me, Miss Gardner, to tender my thanks to you for the kind treatment of that boy."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louise knew not what to say or do.

In pity for her, Mr. Hamilton rose, and turning to Marian, said :

"I will see you again, Miss Hayes,"

and he left them.

Louise would not stay in the city, where she daily met with Mr. Hamil-

ton, and in a few days returned to New York, leaving Marian with the consciousness of having done nothing to be ashamed of, and enjoying the society of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walking together one evening, when the latter drew from his bosom an old and well-worn primer, and handed it to Marian.

"From this," he said, "the man who is so distinguished here, first learned to read. Do you recognize the book ?"

Marian trembled, and did not raise her eyes, when she saw the well-remembered book. Mr. Hamilton took her hand, and said :

"Marian, Jimmy has never forgotten you. Since that day you were so kind to him and gave him this book, his life had one great aim, and that was to attain to greatness, and, in after years, to meet that ministering angel who was the sweetener of my days of poverty. When I left your house with this book, I returned to my humble home ten times happier, and went assiduously to work to learn to read. My mother was an invalid, and ere long I learned well enough to read to her. When my mother died, I found good friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W—. As his son I have been educated. A year ago he died, and left his property to me. Of all the pleasing memories of my boyhood, this one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and dwelt upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her. I see all that my imagination pictured ; and I ask if the dear hand that gave it cannot be mine forever ?"

Louise felt deeper grief than ever when Marian told her she was to become the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from the door, and derisively called "intellect in rags."

But she learned a severe lesson, and one that changed the whole current of her life. For a while she shunned Mr. Hamilton ; but by persevering kindness he made her feel easy in his presence, and she is now the acknowledged friend of the Congressman and his wife.

DAILY UNION VEDETTE
WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1859.

A Trip to Provo—and Something we saw There.

The editor of this paper has recently returned from a decidedly interesting trip to one of the outer settlements of Utah, and what he there saw and learned has taught him much concerning the character of the people and the peculiar institutions whereby they are governed. When we say "governed" we mean it, in its broadest, longest, most exaggerated sense. Never have we seen a community more docile, tractable and obedient to the behests of those appointed to rule over them—not by free suffrage, but by the church—than are the people among whom we have recently sojourned for nearly a week. Led by proper influences and by proper men—men willing to do right and anxious for the reign of justice and truth on the earth, such a system among such a people, would be all powerful for good. But the danger and the evil of the system lies in the proneness of human nature to wrong and injustice. Could the people be assured that their leaders in whom they place such implicit trust are always actuated by pure motives, and that their guiding motto were *fiat justitia si ruat cœlum* ("Let justice be done though the heavens fall") all might be well. But it is the evil in man's nature that makes the system in vogue so dangerous. And it is to this that we object, most strenuously, and against the wrongful acts of men high in authority, we enter our solemn protest. Against them we believe it to be our duty to warn the people.

We have been led to these remarks by our recent experience in Provo valley, whither we went, in a peaceful and courteous way, to ask for justice from the courts, through the forms of law and from juries in whom we chose to place our trust. It is not our purpose at this particular time to recite the details of our trip, to which we will recur at a future day, but we wish now to place on record a few of the impressions which have become indelibly stamped on our mind concerning the system which prevails in some parts of Utah. We know it is a delicate subject to handle; that anything connected with the forms even of a man's religion is sacred; that fanaticism is the most difficult of all subjects to deal with; that when "Ephraim is joined to his idol," better and holier men than we have given him up as lost; yet we do not despair of being able to point out evils for which there may be a remedy, without attacking any of the cardinal or material points of any man's belief. As we have said before we have sought to do with any individual's creed, but when we find oppression, intolerance, persecution, or interference with the daily walk of other men, under the forms of church dictation—and that, too, it may be, without the cognizance of the real church itself by men presuming upon their high places in the synagogue, we feel free to touch upon the matter, and argue it fairly, as one man may speak to his fellowman over this broad land of light, liberty, law and intelligence.

Without, however, dipping too deeply into our subject just now, we may say that one thing which we saw and learned, struck us as being decidedly ridiculous, were its effects not likely to be so serious. We were credibly informed that in many of the settlements, certainly in some of them, orders have been received to hold their military force in instant readiness, and each man to provide himself with forty rounds of ammunition. In Provo City and, as we saw ourselves, in Provo Valley, the men are drilled once a week, and every night, guards are posted throughout the settlement. During our stay in Heber City, there was stationed a guard around the house in which we stopped all night long—and his steady tramp, tramp, through the vigils of the night, manfully bearing a musket on his shoulder through the hours of the stormy darkness, seemed ridiculous in the extreme. But we were utterly unable to extract any information from anybody, as to the cause of this extreme of vigilance. There was no enemy near—the Indians are all quiet, even in places where they most do congregate, and there seemed no reason for all this mock pre-

paration for war. To our own mind it is evident that it is but carrying out that system in which some men seek to educate the people, namely: that the troops at Camp Douglas are their avowed foes, and that danger of attack and persecution, for opinion's sake, is imminent. We were asked twenty times by innocent, well meaning citizens, when Brigham Young was to be tried, and we could not fail to see an intimate connection between all these warlike preparations and the current rumor that Brigham Young was shortly to be arrested and tried by somebody for some real or supposed infraction of the law. In vain did we assure these anxious inquirers, that nearly a year ago the Grand Jury had ignored the bill against Brigham, charging him with polygamy, and that until an indictment was found, the civil Courts could not try him or "any other man" for crime or offense. An incredulous smile and ominous shake of the head always met our assurances. Now, from whom these orders for instant readiness emanated, we could not ascertain, but it was the generally received belief of the community, that they came from Brigham himself. We are, however, informed that such is not the case. But whether it be so or not, we deem it proper to assure the people, that somebody is wantonly trifling with their credulity, and playing upon them. The people, honest, straight-forward and sincere, have naught to fear from either the troops or the law. If in individual instances they violate the laws of the land, or trample wantonly on justice and right, punishment meet and proper, will be visited on the guilty—but not on the community. Those who seek to raise up ill feelings against the soldiers who are here for their protection, or against the Government which shields and blesses them, are bad men seeking their own interests and not those of the people. We have already extended our remarks beyond the limits of a newspaper editorial, and must leave this and kindred subjects for future issues, when we will return to them.

Sad Accident

On last Thursday about 12 o'clock, a terrible accident occurred in Heber City, Provo Valley. A little son of John Hamilton, Sheriff of Wasatch county, by some means obtained possession of his father's pistol—a dragoon six shooter—and with a companion, Alfred Darwin Walton, started off to shoot crows. By some strange accident the pistol went off and young Walton was shot through the head. The ball entered the left cheek below the ear, and came out under the right eye, tearing away the roof of his mouth. Young Hamilton's finger was slightly hurt as though the hammer of the pistol had fallen on it. The boys must have been very near each other at the time, as the rim of Walton's hat was scorched with powder. The boys are both very young, neither being over seven years of age. It was impossible to ascertain how the accident occurred. Walton being speechless, and Hamilton only insisting that he didn't go to do it. A neighbor passing by the corral heard the poor wounded boy groaning, and on looking saw him clinging to the fence covered with blood. He had crawled to the fence and had clung to it for nearly 15 minutes. It is supposed that the boys were each striving for the pistol, and that in the struggle, it accidentally went off. Young Walton is a grandson of Justice Gallagher of Weber City, and the whole family, as well as Hamilton's, are plunged in the deepest grief. Every thing possible was done for the poor little fellow, but there is not much hope of saving his life. A young son of Judge Gallagher volunteered to ride that night through the storm to Provo City, 30 miles distant, for a surgeon. He returned next day, the Doctor sent for refusing to come unless a buggy was sent. A son of Mr. Wall, was then sent in a wagon the next night for another Doctor—Dr. Rogers—who arrived on Saturday just as we were leaving. The boy was still alive, and it is to be hoped that the Doctor may yet save his young life.

It will be seen by our advertising columns that Messrs. Ransohoff Bros. have associated with them in business Messrs. Conrad Prag and Abraham Ganz, of San Francisco, and that the firm will hereafter bear the name of Ransohoff & Co.

The *Corra*.—The fact that rain has fallen sufficiently in California to prevent the apprehension of short crops during the coming season in that State, will be hailed with lively satisfaction by the miners here and in the Bannack country—while we are at the same time happy to be able to chronicle an assurance that the crops in this Territory never looked more favorably. In consequence of the enhanced prices of all kinds of grain, etc., during the past Summer and Fall, the farmers of this section of country have put in larger crops than ever before, and we have reason to believe that a ready home market will be found for all of it, and that too at prices that will amply remunerate the husbandman for his time. The damp snows and the rains we have had of late, and which still continue, are a sure guarantee of an abundant harvest.

In another column of our paper will be found the advertisement of Messrs. Clark & Co., Bankers; the firm being composed of Austin M. and Milton E. Clark, (of the firm of Clark & Co., Leavenworth, Kansas) and John W. Kerr, of this city. This new name is assumed by the firm instead of the single name heretofore advertised of John W. Kerr, it being only a continuation of the banking business heretofore carried on in this city by, and in the name of John W. Kerr and not a change in the firm. We understand the house, as constituted, is founded on an enduring basis, and their references are of the highest character.

REJECTED.—The communication of "Peace" is very far from being of the character which the signature would imply, and is altogether too scurrilous and abusive for our columns. We have no interest or belief in either the one or the other class of doctrines, but would cheerfully publish any arguments or authenticated facts which "Peace" may send us. If he will only avoid vituperation and personal abuse. Bear in mind that the world has a curious way of taking it for granted that the man who loses his temper has always the worst of the argument.

The advertisement of Mr. George W. Carleton, in another column, will show that coal can be procured at the "Telegraph Coal Mine," at the exceedingly low rate of \$4.00 per ton—a fact to which we call the attention of our readers. The coal of this mine is said to be of a superior quality, and those wanting to test the fact, can do so by leaving their orders at the telegraph office in the city or at the mine.

Have you been to Walker Bros., and seen their New Goods? Beautiful styles and low rates.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL TO THE DAILY UNION VEDETTE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2d.

ARRIVED—Ships Star of Union and top-gallant brig York.

SPOKEN—On Feb. 5th in 40 S. 75 W., ship J. F. Chapman from Rio for San Francisco; Feb. 16th, in 81 S. 10 W., ship Shakespeare from New York for San Francisco; Feb. 25th in 20 S. 92 W., ship Enterprise from New York for San Francisco.

There has been less than the average business done during the week, the market exhibiting no animation except in bags and bagging which were largely dealt in.

A Methodist minister in Kansas living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as he was suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" replied the trustees, "you preach for money?" We thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" responded the reverend, "I can't eat souls—and if I could, it would take a thousand such souls as yours to make a meal!"

Our *Old Acquaintance*—We were married, we had a home, we had a wife, we had a child with us, but Mary was not strong. I thought I could take care of her, I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We moved to the new house, We got together a little furniture, bedsteads, chairs, tables, etc. We had a good time, but failed at first, we got the house, told Mary she must turn out the bed, I could not run in debt. No, we had not long before our rich neighbor, Mr. *Richard*—had a house, and supplied us; half a dozen chairs added to our stock. They were good ones to be sure, but answered us as well for us. I shall never forget the new face these chairs put upon us, snug quarters, they never looked so right before.

The tables are turned with Mr. *M.* and me now—she has turned out a poor widow, "but shall never want while I have anything," cried the old man with a beaming face, "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah! Now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs that maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest of a friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great own law, "love thy neighbor," and we should oftener see it, should we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self interest; not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do more than they. It is these friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one towards another—which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter sorrow, and open the wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

THE RULING PASSION.—At a ball given lately by M. *I.*, one of the richest bankers in Paris, the Marquis de *T.*—trod by accident on the toe of his wealthy host, who was instantly lost in thought, by the chimney.

"My dear sir," cried the marquis, "I ask a thousand—"

"Apply to my cashier, if you please," was the answer that greeted his astonished ears.

M. *I.* soon recollected himself, and had a hearty laugh with the marquis over his absence of mind. M. *I.* said that he was soon obliged to leave the room, as when the accident spread among the company, all the needy young men about town who were present hastened to tread on his toes, in the hope of getting an equally satisfactory answer, till the poor banker's foot was black and blue.

AN characteristic story of our President is narrated in a letter from Washington. When the telegraph from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln that "firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked, "he was glad of it." Some persons present, who had the position uppermost in their minds, could not see why Mr. Lincoln could be "glad of it," and so expressed themselves. "Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally, one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which visitors would exclaim, 'There's one of Mrs. Ward's children that isn't dead yet.'

NO MAN is happy who is not cheered by the music of a bird in his bosom.

One-Third to the People.—Since the enforcement of the draft throughout the loyal States, many who have always been proud of being called an American citizen, are rather inclined to weaken on that point. Now questions are continually arising, and the officers are sometimes compelled to solve knotty ones. The latest came before a Maine provost marshal. A stout looking fellow from the country, who had seen his name in print, presented himself to the marshal, and said he did not believe he was an American citizen, and wished his name stricken from the roll.

"You are an able-bodied man?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the man.

"You were born in the United States, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Then you are an American citizen."

"But," said the fellow, "I've married an Indian woman, don't that make some difference?"

The captain acknowledged the question to be a new one, but he could not see the point. His name was not stricken off, though it was thought by many that the white man, who could marry a squaw, had burdens enough, and ought to be entitled to some relief.

By-Laws of the Wasatch Mountain Mining District.

At a meeting of the miners of the Wasatch Mountain Mining District, held at Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, the 18th day of November, A. D. 1863, J. M. Williamson was called to the Chair, and Henry O. Pratt appointed Secretary. The Chairman announced the object of the meeting to be for the purpose of organizing a mining district. Mr. O. Pratt moved to adopt the following laws to govern the mining operations of the district, which were passed:

Article 1st. This district shall include that portion of territory situated in the Territory of Utah, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the confluence of the Weber river with Great Salt Lake, running thence along the right bank of said river to its east fork; along the right bank of said east fork to its head; thence due south to the fortieth degree of north latitude; thence along said fortieth degree of north latitude to Lake Utah; thence along the east margin of Lake Utah to Jordan River; thence along the north bank of Jordan River to Great Salt Lake, and along the east margin of Great Salt Lake to the place of beginning.

Article 2d. The extent of a claim on any quartz lode or vein, shall be two hundred feet to the claim along the lode, with a width of five hundred feet on each side, including all the quartz, and the number of claims which can be held.

Article 3d. No person will be permitted to hold more than one claim by location on any one quartz lode, or number of claims which can be held.

Article 4th. All claims located must have a notice posted on them, stating the number of shares and the probable course claimed, and a copy of the notice be recorded in the books of the district recorder.

Article 5th. Each company must do one faithful days work on their claim each month after the first day of June, 1864; if failure to do so, the claim will be subject to be located by any other person; provided, however, that if the company are prevented by local insurrection or rebellion from working, a failure to do so will not forfeit their claim.

Article 6th. The discoverer of a vein of quartz containing gold, silver, copper, lead, or other valuable metals or minerals, will be entitled to locate two claims.

Article 7th. There shall be a district recorder, elected from among the miners of the district, whose duty it shall be to record all claims for the purpose, giving the name of each locator or owner, and receiving a sum not exceeding one dollar from each locator or owner; provided, however, that it shall not be lawful for the recorder to record any claim that conflicts with a prior location. The recorder shall hold his office for one year, or until his successor is chosen.

Article 8th. All claims for gold surface diggings, shall be two hundred feet in length and two hundred feet in width.

Article 9th. Locators on veins of coal or iron shall be entitled to two hundred feet for each locator, and five hundred feet additional for the discoverer, and shall in all other respects be subject to and enjoy the immunities of the law.

On motion, Mr. Edward Pennington was elected District Recorder for one year.

On motion of the same, the meeting adjourned sine die.

J. M. WILLIAMSON,
H. O. PRATT, Secretary.

Chairman.

WALKER BROS.,

YARD & STAGE MAIN STREET, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

WE HAVE RECEIVED AND ARE NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC ONE OF THE BEST ASSORTED AND LARGEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

WHICH ARE LOCATED IN A STYLISH AND NOVEL

MANUFACTURED BY THE FINEST HOUSEHOLD

ARTICLES, AND ARE OF THE LARGEST AND

SELECTED WITH ESPECIAL VIEW

TO THIS MARKET.

At Rates to Suit the Times.

WE ARE LOCATED ON THE CORNER OF

MAIN STREET AND 1ST STREET.

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